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THE SALOON.

## INTERIOR OF "THE GREAT WESTERN" STEAM SHIP.

### THE SALOON.

As a companion print to the elevation of this "steam leviathan," engraved in our last Number, the prefixed Engraving will, doubtless, be acceptable to the reader.

In the internal fittings of this superb vessel, the Directors have attentively studied comfort and convenience with appropriate decoration; points which must be of great importance in a vessel carrying passengers of a superior class. The ornamental work was entrusted to Messrs. Jackson and Sons, of Rathbone Place, who have, in its execution, shown their accustomed artistic taste and skill.

The Saloon, which, in size and splendour, is not exceeded by any British steam-vessel, is 75 feet in length, and 21 in breadth, exclusive of the recesses on each side, where the breadth is 34 feet, and 9 feet high in clear of the beam, which is increased by the lantern light; each side, except where the recesses intervene, being occupied with state cabins. The front of the two recesses is divided into three compartments by small columns, in imitation of palm-trees, with branches entwined over the openings. At each end of these two recesses are large pier-glasses, fitted in rich frames, in imitation of Dresden china. The fronts of the small cabins are divided into six compartments, with panels about 5 feet high, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot to 2 feet wide. These are painted in the gay, pleasing style of Watteau or Boucher, by E. T. Parris, Esq., R. A., and historical painter to Her Majesty. The panels are fifty in number: the larger ones represent rural scenery, agriculture, music, the arts and sciences, interior views and landscapes, and parties grouped, or engaged in elegant sports and amusements; the smaller panels, over the doors, &c., contain beautifully penciled paintings of Cupid, Psyche, and other aerial figures, which considerably heighten the appearance of the saloon. The ceiling, and such parts of the saloon as are not occupied with Mr. Parris's pictures, are painted by Mr. Crace, of Wigmore-street, of a warm and delicate tint, with the mouldings and enrichments, picked in a light colour, and relieved in gold; but so kept under as not to encroach upon the principal pictorial embellishments of the apartment. In subjects of this class, Mr. Parris is scarcely excelled by any contemporary; Stanfield, we remember, painted a few panels with marine scenery, a few years since for the Duke of Sutherland; and such distinguished patronage has rendered this style of decoration very fashionable. At this moment, Mr. Parris is employed in ornamenting the United Service Club House in a more finished and classical style than that of the embellishments of the steam ship.

The remaining details of the internal fittings combine elegance with high convenience, and are thus enumerated in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*:—

"The small cabins on each side, and communicating with the saloon, each contain two sleeping berths, so arranged that in the day time they may be turned up against the side of the vessel, and conceal the bedding, thereby forming a small sitting room, seven feet by eight feet. At the end of the state cabin is the ladies' saloon, which is very tastefully fitted up by the upholsterer, and on the opposite side is the steward's room, containing every convenience to render this important department (to the passenger) complete. It is furnished with a supply of salt and fresh water, and one of Stirling's filters. The arrangement of the bells is deserving of notice. In the steward's room, standing on a shelf, are two small mahogany boxes, about one foot long, and eight inches square, each containing a bell, communicating by means of wires, to every berth, cabin, and other department in the vessel. When the attendance of the steward is required, the passenger pulls the bell rope in his berth, which rings the bell in the small box, and at the same time, by means of a small lever, forces up, through a slit in the lid, a small tin table, about two inches by one inch, with the number of the room painted on it requiring the services of the steward, and there remains until the steward has ascertained the number of the room and pushed it down again. Thus, instead of having an interminable number of bells, one for every department, there are only two. This arrangement which is alike ingenious as it is useful, is deserving the notice of architects. We understand it is the invention of a person residing at Greenock. Between the steward's room and the ladies' cabin, in the midship, is a spacious staircase, with handsome ornamental railing bronzed and gilded, the wood work painted in imitation of pollard oak."

We can only add that the effect of the Saloon is altogether of a palatial character in point of decoration; yet not, like the state apartments of our last new palace, overloaded with ornament. The general style of the mouldings, framework, &c., is that of *Louis Quatorze*, somewhat curtailed of its luxuriance, so as to please, but not to fatigue the eye with its graceful curves and harmonious proportions.

### Romance.

#### LEILA, OR THE SIEGE OF GRENADA.

By the Author of *Eugene Aram*, &c.

[We detach the following beauties from Mr. Bulwer's forthcoming Romance. As these specimens show, the work teems with de-

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captiye passages of surpassing richness; whilst there is a luxuriance of fancy and picturesqueness of writing throughout the work which must render it extremely popular. It has been profusely embellished under the tasteful superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath; but its literary merits entitle it to rank much higher than the explanatory accompaniments to the picture-books of the day.]

#### *The Monarch and the Dancing Girls.*

"My soul wants the bath of music," said the king; "these journeys into a pathless realm have wearied it, and the streams of sound supple and relax the travailed pilgrim." He clapped his hands, and from one of the arcades, a boy, hitherto invisible, started into sight; at a slight and scarce perceptible sign from the king the boy again vanished, and, in a few moments afterward, glancing through the fairy pillars and by the glittering waterfalls, came the small and twinkling feet of the maids of Araby. As, with their transparent tunics and white arms, they gleamed, without an echo, through that cool and voluptuous chamber, they might well have seemed the peris of the eastern magic, summoned to beguile the sated leisure of the youthful Solomon. With them came a maiden of more exquisite beauty, though smaller in stature than the rest, bearing the Moorish lute; and a faint and languid smile broke over the beautiful face of Bonddil as his eyes rested upon her graceful form and the dark yet glowing lustre of her oriental countenance. She alone approached the king, timidly kissed his hand, and then, joining her comrades, commenced the following song, to the air and very words of which the feet of the dancing-girls kept time, while, with the chorus, rang the silver bells of the musical instrument which each of the dancers carried.

#### AMINE'S SONG.

Softly, oh, softly glide,  
Gentle Music, thou silver tide,  
Bearing, the lull'd air along,  
This leaf from the Rose of Song!  
To its port in his soul let it float,  
The frail but the fragrant boat—  
Bear it, soft Air, along!

With the burden of Sound we are laden,  
Like the bells on the trees of Aden,\*  
When they thrill with a tinkling tone  
At the wind from the Holy throne.  
Hark! as we move around,  
We shake off the buds of sound—  
Thy presence, beloved, is Aden!

Sweet chime that I hear and wake:  
I would, for my loved one's sake,  
That I were a sound like thee,  
To the depths of his heart to flee.  
If my breath had its senses bless'd,  
If my voice in his heart could rest,  
What pleasure to die like thee!

\* The Mohammedans believe that musical bells hang on the trees of Paradise, and are put in motion by a wind from the throne of God.

The music ceased; the dancers remained motionless in their graceful postures, as if arrested into statues of alabaster; and the young songstress cast herself on a cushion at the feet of the monarch, and looked up fondly, but silently into his yet melancholy eyes.

#### *The Lovers.*

When Muza parted from Almamen, he bent his steps toward the hill that rises opposite the ascent crowned with the towers of the Alhambra, the sides and summit of which eminence were tenanted by the luxurious population of the city. He selected the more private and secluded paths; and, half way up the hill, arrived at last before a low wall of considerable extent, which girded the gardens of some wealthier inhabitant of the city. He looked long and anxiously round; all was solitary: nor was the stillness broken, save as an occasional breeze from the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada rustled the fragrant leaves of the citron and pomegranate, or as the silver tinkling of waterfalls chimed melodiously within the gardens. The Moor's heart beat high: a moment more, and he had scaled the wall, and found himself upon a greensward, variegated by the rich colours of many a sleeping flower, and shaded by groves and alleys of luxuriant foliage and golden fruits.

It was not long before he stood beside a house that seemed of a construction anterior to the Moorish dynasty. It was built over low cloisters, formed by heavy and time-worn pillars, concealed, for the most part, by a profusion of roses and creeping shrubs: the lattices above the cloisters opened upon large gilded balconies, the superaddition of Moroccan taste. In one only of the casements a lamp was visible; the rest of the mansion was dark, as if, save in that chamber, sleep kept watch over the inmates. It was to this window that the Moor stole, and, after a moment's pause, he murmured rather than sung, so low and whispered was his voice, the following simple verses, slightly varied from an old Arabian poet.

#### SERENADE.

Light of my soul, arise, arise!  
Thy sister lights are in the skies;  
We want thine eyes,  
Thy joyous eyes;  
The night is morning for thine eyes!

The sacred verse is on my sword,  
But on my heart thy name;  
The words on each alike adored;  
The truth of each the same.

The same!—alas! too well I feel  
The heart is truer than the steel!  
Light of my soul, upon me shine;  
Night wakes her stars to envy mine.  
Those eyes of thine,  
Wild eyes of thine,  
What stars are like those eyes of thine!

As he concluded the lattice softly opened and a female form appeared on the balcony.

"Ah, Leila!" said the Moor, "I see thee and I am blessed!"

"Hush!" answered Leila; "speak low, nor tarry long; I fear that our interviews are suspected; and this," she added, in a trembling voice, "may, perhaps, be the last time we shall meet."

"Holy prophet!" exclaimed Muza, passionately, "what do I hear! Why this mystery? why cannot I learn thine origin, thy rank, thy parents? Think you, beautiful Leila, that Grenada holds a house lofty enough to disdain the alliance of Muza Ben Abil Gazan? and, oh!" he added, sinking the haughty tones of his voice into accents of the softest tenderness, "if not too high to scorn me, what should war against our loves and our bridal? For worn equally on my heart were the flower of thy sweet self, whether the mountain-top or the valley gave birth to the odour and the bloom."

"Alas!" answered Leila, weeping, "the mystery thou complainest of is as dark to myself as to thee. How often have I told thee that I know nothing of my birth or childish fortunes, save a dim memory of a more distant and burning clime, where, amid sands and wastes, springs the everlasting cedar, and the camel grazes on the stunted herbage withering in the fiery air. Then it seemed to me that I had a mother; fond eyes looked on me, and soft songs hushed me into sleep!"

"Thy mother's soul has passed into mine," said the Moor, tenderly.

Leila continued: "Borne hither, I passed from childhood into youth within these walls. Slaves minister to my slightest wish; and those who have seen both state and poverty, which I have not, tell me that treasures and splendour that might glad a monarch are prodigalized around me: but of ties and kindred know I little. My father, a stern and silent man, visited me but rarely; sometimes months pass, and I see him not; but I feel he loves me; and, till I knew thee, Muza, my brightest hours were in listening to the footsteps and flying to the arms of that solitary friend."

"Know you not his name?"

"Nor I, nor any one of the household, save, perhaps, Ximen, the chief of the slaves, an old and withered man, whose very eye chills me into fear and silence."

"Strange!" said the Moor, musingly; "yet why think you our love is discovered or can be thwarted?"

"Hush! Ximen sought me this day: 'Maiden,' said he, 'men's footsteps have been tracked within the gardens; if your sire know this, you will have looked your last upon Grenada. Learn,' he added in a softer voice, as he saw me tremble, 'that permis-

sion were easier given to thee to wed the wild tiger than to mate with the loftiest noble of Morisca! Beware!' He spoke and left me. Oh, Muza!" she continued, passionately wringing her hands, "my heart sinks within me, and omen and doom rise dark before my sight!"

"By my father's head, these obstacles but fire my love; and I would scale to thy possession though every step in the ladder were the corpses of a hundred foes!"

Scarcely had the fiery and high-souled Moor uttered his boast, than, from some unseen hand amid the groves, a javelin whirled past him, and, as the air it raised came sharp upon his cheek, half buried its quivering shaft in the trunk of a tree behind him.

"Fly, fly, and save thyself! Oh, heaven, protect him!" cried Leila, and she vanished within the chamber.

The Moor did not wait the result of a deadlier aim; he turned, yet, in the instinct of his fierce nature, not from, but against his foe; the drawn cimeter in his hand, the half-suppressed cry of wrath trembling on his lips, he sprang forward in the direction whence the javelin had sped. With eyes accustomed to the ambuscades of Moorish warfare, he searched eagerly, yet warily, through the dark and sighing foliage. No sign of life met his gaze; and at length, grimly and reluctantly, he retraced his steps and left the demesne; but, just as he had cleared the wall, a voice, low, but sharp and shrill, came from the gardens.

"Thou art spared," it said, "but happily for a more miserable doom!"

#### The Jewess.

Leila stood within her chamber, pale, and breathless, with her lips apart, her hands clasped, her very soul in her ears; nor was it possible to conceive a more perfect ideal of some delicate and brilliant peri, captured in the palace of a hostile and gloomy genius. Her form was of the lightest shape consistent with the roundness of womanly beauty; and there was something in it of that elastic and fawnlike grace which a sculptor seeks to embody in his dreams of a being more aerial than those of earth. Her luxuriant hair was dark indeed, but a purple and glossy hue redeemed it from that heaviness of shade too common in the tresses of the Asiatics; and her complexion naturally pale, but clear and lustrous, would have been deemed fair even in the north. Her features, slightly aquiline, were formed in the rarest mold of symmetry, and her full rich lips, disclosed teeth that might have shamed the pearl. But the chief charm of that exquisite countenance was in an expression of softness, and purity, and intellectual sentiment that seldom accompanies that cast of loveliness, and was wholly

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foreign to the voluptuous and dreamy languor of Moorish maidens; Leila had been educated, and the statue had received a soul.

### *The Novice.*

It was in one of the cells of a convent renowned for the piety of its inmates, and the wholesome austerity of its laws, that a young novice sat alone. The narrow casement was placed so high in the cold grey wall as to forbid to the tenant of the cell the solace of sad or the distraction of pious thoughts, which a view of the world without might afford. Lovely, indeed, was the landscape that spread below; but it was barred from those youthful and melancholy eyes: for Nature might tempt to a thousand thoughts not of a tenour calculated to reconcile the heart to an eternal sacrifice of the sweet human ties. But a faint and partial gleam of sunshine broke through the aperture, and made yet more cheerless the dreary aspect and gloomy appurtenances of the cell. And the young novice seemed to carry on within herself that struggle of emotions without which there is no victory in the resolves of virtue: sometimes she wept bitterly, but with a low subdued sorrow, which spoke rather of despondency than passion; sometimes she raised her head from her breast, and smiled as she looked upward, or, as her eyes rested on the crucifix and the death's head that were placed on the rude table by the pallet on which she sat. They were emblems of death here and life hereafter, which, perhaps, afforded to her the sources of a twofold consolation.

She was yet musing, when a slight tap at the door was heard, and the abbess of the convent appeared—

"Daughter," said she, "I have brought thee the comfort of a sacred visitor. The queen of Spain, whose pious tenderness is materially anxious for thy full contentment with thy lot, has sent hither a holy friar, whom she deems more soothing in his counsels than our brother Tomas, whose ardent zeal often terrifies those whom his honest spirit only desires to purify and guide. I will leave him with thee. May the saints bless his ministry!" So saying, the abbess retired from the threshold, making way for a form in the garb of a monk, with the hood drawn over the face. The monk bowed his head meekly, advanced into the cell, closed the door, and seated himself on a stool, which, save the table and the pallet, seemed the sole furniture of the dismal chamber.

"Daughter," said he, after a pause, "it is a rugged and a mournful lot, this renunciation of earth and all its fair destinies and soft affections, to one not wholly prepared and armed for the sacrifice. Confide in me, my child; I am no dire inquisitor, seeking to distort the words to thine own peril. I am

no bitter and morose ascetic. Beneath these robes still beats a human heart that can sympathize with human sorrows. Confide in me without fear. Dost thou not dread the fate they would force upon thee? Dost thou not shrink back? Wouldst thou not be free?"

"No," said the poor novice; but the denial came faint and irresolute from her lips.

"Pause," said the friar, growing more earnest in his tone; "pause, there is yet time."

"Nay," said the novice, looking up with some surprise in her countenance, "nay, even were I so weak, escape now is impossible. What hand could unbar the gates of the convent?"

"Mine!" cried the monk, with impetuosity. "Yes, I have that power. In all Spain but one man can save thee, and I am he."

"You!" faltered the novice, gazing at her strange visitor with mingled astonishment and alarm. "And who are you, that could resist the fiat of that Tomas de Torquemada, before whom, they tell me even the crowned heads of Castile and Arragon vail low?"

The monk half rose, with an impatient and almost haughty start at this interrogatory; but, reseating himself, replied, in a deep and half-whispered voice, "Daughter, listen to me! It is true that Isabel of Spain, (whom the Mother of Mercy bless! for merciful to all is her secret heart, if not her outward policy,) it is true that Isabel of Spain, fearful that the path to heaven might be made rougher to thy feet than it well need be," there was a slight accent of irony in the monk's voice as he thus spoke, "selected a friar of suasive eloquence and gentle manners to visit thee. He was charged with letters to yon abbess from the queen. Soft though the friar, he was yet a hypocrite. Nay, hear me out! he loved to worship the rising sun; and he did not wish always to remain a simple friar while the church had higher dignities of this earth to bestow. In the Christian camp, daughter, there was one who burned for tidings of thee; whom thine image haunted; who, stern as thou wert to him, loved thee with a love he knew not of till thou wert lost to him. Why dost thou tremble, daughter? listen yet! To that lover, for he was one of high rank, came the monk: to that lover the monk sold his mission. The monk will have a ready tale, that he was waylaid amid the mountains by armed men, and robbed of his letters to the abbess. The lover took his garb, and he took the letters and hastened hither. Leila! beloved Leila! behold him at thy feet!"

The monk raised his cowl; and dropping on his knee beside her, presented to her gaze the features of the Prince of Spain.

"You!" said Leila, averting her countenance, and vainly endeavouring to extricate the hand which he had seized. "This is, indeed, cruel. You, the author of so many sufferings, such calumny, such reproach!"

"I will repair all," said Don Juan, fervently. "I alone, I repeat it, have the power to set you free. You are no longer a Jewess; you are one of our faith; there is now no bar upon our loves. Imperious though my father, all dark and dread as is this new power which he is rashly erecting in his dominions, the heir of two monarchies is not so poor in influence and in friends as to be unable to offer the woman of his love an inviolable shelter, alike from priest and despot. Fly with me! leave this dreary sepulchre ere the last stone close over thee for ever! I have horses, I have guards at hand. This night it can be arranged. This night—oh, bliss! thou mayest be rendered up to earth and love!"

"Prince," said Leila, who had drawn herself from Juan's grasp during this address, and who now stood at a little distance, erect and proud, "you tempt me in vain; or, rather, you offer me no temptation. I have made my choice; I abide by it."

"Oh! bethink thee," said the prince, in a voice of real and imploring anguish; "bethink thee well of the consequences of thy refusal. Thou canst not see them yet; thine ardour blinds thee. But, when hour after hour, day after day, year after year, steals on in the appalling monotony of this sanctified prison; when thou shalt see thy youth withering without love, thine age without honour; when thy heart shall grow as stone within thee beneath the look of yon icy spectres; when nothing shall vary the aching dullness of wasted life, save a longer fast or severer penance; then, then will thy grief be rendered tenfold by the despairing and remorseful thought that thine own lips sealed thine own sentence. Thou mayest think," continued Juan, with rapid eagerness, "that my love to thee was at first light and dishonouring. Be it so. I own that my youth has passed in idle wooings and the mockeries of affection. But, for the first time in my life, I feel that *I love*. Thy dark eyes, thy noble beauty, even thy womanly scorn have fascinated me. I, never yet disdained where I have been a suitor, acknowledge at last that there is a triumph in the conquest of a woman's heart. Oh, Leila! do not, do not reject me. You know not how rare and how deep a love you cast away."

The novice was touched: the present language of Don Juan was so different from what it had been before; the earnest love that breathed in his voice, that looked from his eyes, struck a chord in her breast; it reminded her of her own unconquered, unconquerable love for the lost Muza; for there

is that in a woman, that, when she loves one, the honest wooing of another she may reject, but cannot disdain; she feels, by her own heart, the agony his must endure; and, by a kind of egotism, pities the mirror of herself. She was touched, then—touched to tears; but her resolves were not shaken.—"Oh, Leila!" resumed the prince, fondly, mistaking the nature of her emotion, and seeking to pursue the advantage he imagined he had gained; "look at yonder sunbeam struggling through the loop-hole of thy cell. Is it not a messenger from the happy world? does it not plead for me? does it not whisper to thee of the green fields, and the laughing vineyards, and all the beautiful prodigality of that earth thou art about to renounce for ever? Dost thou dread my love? Are the forms around thee, ascetic and lifeless, fairer to thine eyes than mine? Dost thou doubt my power to protect thee? I tell thee that the proudest nobles of Spain would flock around my banner were it necessary to guard thee by force of arms. Yet, speak the word—be mine—and I will fly hence with thee to climes where the church has not cast out its deadly roots, and, forgetful of crowns and cares, live alone for thee. Ah, speak!"

"My lord," said Leila, calmly, and rousing herself to the necessary effort, "I am deeply and sincerely grateful for the interest you express, for the affection you avow. But you deceive yourself. I have pondered well over the alternative I have taken. I do not regret nor repent, much less would I retract it. The earth that you speak of, full of affections and of bliss to others, has no ties, no allurements for me. I desire only peace, repose, and an early death."

"Can it be possible!" said the prince, growing pale, "that thou lovest another? Then, indeed, and then only, would my wooing be in vain."

The cheek of the novice grew deeply flushed, but the colour soon subsided! she murmured to herself, "Why should I blush to own it now?" and then spoke aloud: "Prince I trust I have done with the world; and bitter the pang I feel when you call me back to it. But you merit my candour: I have loved another; and, in that thought, as in an urn, lie the ashes of all affection. That other is of a different faith. We may never, never meet again below, but it is a solace to pray that we may meet above. That solace, and these cloisters are dearer to me than all the pomp, all the pleasures of the world."

The prince sunk down, and, covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud, but made no reply.

"Go, then, prince of Spain," continued the novice; "son of the noble Isabel, Leila is not unworthy of her cares. Go and pursue the great destinies that await you. And, if you forgive, if you still cherish a thought of

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the poor Jewish maiden, soften, alleviate, mitigate, the wretched and desperate doom that awaits the fallen race she has abandoned for thy creed."

"Alas, alas!" said the prince, mournfully, "thee alone, perchance, of all thy race, I could have saved from the bigotry that is fast covering this knightly land like the rising of an irresistible sea, and thou rejectest me! Take time, at least, to pause, to consider. Let me see thee again to-morrow?"

"No, prince, no—not again! I will keep thy secret only if I see thee no more. If thou persist in a suit that I feel to be that of sin and shame, then, indeed, mine honour—"

"Hold!" interrupted Juan with haughty impatience: "I torment, I harass you no more. I release you from my importunity. Perhaps already I have stooped too low. He drew the cowl over his features, and strode sullenly to the door; but, turning for one last gaze on the form that had so strangely fascinated a heart capable of generous emotions, the meek and despondent posture of the novice, her tender youth, her gloomy fate, melted his momentary pride and resentment. "God bless and reconcile thee, poor child!" he said, in a voice choked with contending passions, and the door closed upon his form.

"I thank thee, heaven, that it was not Musa?" muttered Leila, breaking from a reverie in which she seemed to be communing with her own soul; "I feel that I could not have resisted him."

#### *The Spanish Camp.*

It was the eve of a great and general assault upon Grenada, deliberately planned by the chiefs of the Christian army. The Spanish camp, (the most gorgeous christendom had ever known) gradually grew calm and hushed. The shades deepened, the stars burned forth more serene and clear. Bright in that azure air streamed the silken tents of the court, blazoned with heraldic devices, and crowned with the gaudy banners, which, filled by a brisk and murmuring wind from the mountains, flaunted gaily on their gilded staves. In the centre of the camp rose the pavilion of the queen: a palace in itself. Lances made its columns; brocade and painted arras its walls; and the space covered by its numerous compartments would have contained the halls and outworks of an ordinary castle. The pomp of that camp realized the wildest dreams of gothic, coupled with Oriental splendour; something worthy of a Tasso to have imagined or a Beckford to create. Nor was the exceeding costliness of the more courtly tents lessened in effect by those of the soldiery in the outskirts, many of which were built from bows still retaining their leaves, savage and picturesque huts; as if, realizing old legends, wild men of the woods had taken up the cross, and followed

the Christian warriors against the swarthy followers of Termagaunt and Mahound. There, then, extended that mighty camp in profound repose, as the midnight drew deeper and longer shadows over the sward from the tented avenues and canvass streets. It was at that hour that Isabel, in the most private recess of her pavilion, was employed in prayer for the safety of the king and the issue of the sacred war. Kneeling before the altar of that warlike oratory, her spirit became rapt and absorbed from earth in the intensity of her devotions; and in the whole camp (save the sentries) the eyes of that pious queen were, perhaps, the only ones unclosed. All was profoundly still; her guards, her attendants were gone to rest; and the tread of the sentinel without that immense pavilion was not heard through the silken walls.

#### **Coronations.**

##### REGAL RECORDS.

*By J. R. Planché, F.S.A.*

[THIS little volume is a well-timed "Chronicle of the Coronations of the Queens Regnant of England"—Mary I., Elizabeth, Mary II., and Anne. To these are added a few anecdotes of the Coronations of the Jameses and the Charleses, the history of the Coronation Chair, and the ancient and modern Regalia, with a few miscellaneous heraldic details, of peculiar interest at this moment. It is altogether a most satisfactory work; for Mr. Planché has gracefully relieved the dryness of his text by a score or two of pretty wood cuts from seals, medals, and various documents of the most interesting character. Among these *quaintnesses*, we should especially notice Elizabeth, crowned and throned, from an initial letter in Gabriel Hervey's *Gratulationes Valdenses*; and Sir Edward Dimmocke, the champion of Elizabeth, in the very suit of armour which he most probably wore either at the banquet of Elizabeth or Mary, the figure being painted opposite to his name in the margin of a volume in the College of Arms, containing the pedigree of the Dymoke family. But, the oddest conceit in the volume is a likeness of Elizabeth, which Mr. Planché thinks has not been engraved.

"This very unfavourable likeness of Queen Elizabeth is taken from a fragment of her last broad pieces in the possession of Horace Walpole, Esq.; it is universally supposed that the die was broken by her command, and that some workmen of the mint cut out this morsel, which contains barely the face." I have no doubt that the real cause of offence was the *truth* of the likeness, to a woman who wished to pass for a Venus at seventy. There is great character in the head, and it is probably the only

portrait of Elizabeth towards the close of her reign that can be relied on.

[A chapter is devoted to the Crowns of the Sovereigns of England, and is embellished with their diadems, from Edgar to Charles I. Of the latter it is stated

The state crown of Charles I., found in the upper jewel-house of the Tower, was valued as follows :—

Eight and-twenty diamonds, at £6 each	£.	168
Eaphtres and rubies		350
Two emeralds		5
Two hundred and thirty-two pearls, at 15s. each		174
One-and-twenty rubies		16
Seven pounds and seven ounces of gold, valued at £40 per pound, with six ounces abated for stones		280
		1023

In one of the fleurs-de-lys of this crown, there appears to have been a "picture of the Virgin Mary," I presume enamelled. To the account from which this is copied is appended the following note :—

"N.B. Colonel John Dove of Surry kept in his chamber at the Middle Temple the book of the king's plate and jewels. I transcribed this of the crown, for which Mr. Simpson, &c. were much beholden to me when King Charles II.'s crown was made.  
J. AUBREY."

[Among the Regalia is enumerated a Comb, upon which Mr. Planché observes :]

Few persons are aware of such an article forming part of the English Regalia, but in Sporley's Catalogue we find "unum pectinem aureum," and in "a brief out of the book called Liber Regalis," we read, "The prayers being ended, a shallow quoife is put on the King's head, because of the annoynting: if his Majestie's haire be not smooth after it, there is King Edward's ivory combe for that end." Amongst the regalia at Westminster, the Parliament Commissioners found neither a gold nor an ivory comb, but "one old combe of horne, worth nothing."

[The following list of the Royal Robes is curious :]

As it does not appear that any of the vestments of Edward the Confessor were used in the coronations of the Queens of England, we shall not swell our volume with a long account of them. Sporley enumerates, a tunic, supertunic, belt, and embroidered pall, or mantle, a pair of buskins, and a pair of gloves. In an iron chest in Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Commissioners found :—

	£.	s.	d.
"One crimson taffety robe, very old, valued at	0	10	0
One robe, laced with gold lace, valued at	0	10	0
One liver cullid (coloured) silk robe, very old, and worth nothing			
One robe of crimson taffety sarcenet, valued at	0	5	0

One pair of buskins, cloth of silver, and silver stockings, very old, valued at	0	2	6
One pair of shoes of cloth of gold, at	0	1	0
One pair of gloves, embroidered with gold at	0	1	0

The whole wardrobe of the sainted monarch estimated at the sum of thirty shillings and sixpence !

On the 3rd of June, 1643, Henry Marten, afterwards the notorious regicide, had forced open the chest, and taken out the crown, sceptres, robes, &c. of Edward the Confessor, and invested the puritan poet and satirist George Withers, who, says Wood (in his Ath. Oxon. vol. iii.) "being crowned and royally arrayed, did march about the room with a stately garb, and afterwards with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred ornaments to contempt and laughter." They were a second time dragged out by some soldiers of Westbourne's company in July the same year, and finally sold or destroyed in 1649 as before mentioned.

[The immediate attraction of this work, however, lies in the details of the Coronation of Queen Anne, the ceremonies of which will, it is understood, be the precedent to be observed in the approaching Coronation of her present Most Gracious Majesty. Mr. Planché prefatorily remarks :]

The whole of the ceremony is here for the first time, I believe, printed from official records in the College of arms, and MSS. in the British Museum.

The account in the London Gazette, No. 3,804, is very short; and the form of procession to the Abbey printed by Edward Jones, fol 1,702, by order of the Earl of Carlisle, Earl Marshal, is incorrect. The whole of the proceedings, up to the arrival of her Majesty at her throne in the Abbey, is here printed from the official records in the College of Arms, marked I. 2, p. 14. The ceremonial and church service in the Abbey, from a MS. copy of the formulary drawn up for the guidance of her Majesty and all other persons concerned in the ceremony, which I found amongst the additional MS., Brit. Museum, marked 6336, the gift of Miss Banks, the well-known collector of all such "curiosities of literature." The MS. has been corrected for the press, and must have been printed at the time, but I have not met with a copy. The names of the principal personages have been inserted where blanks were left, and the whole account checked and corrected by comparison with the London Gazette, and with another MS. in the Harleian Collection, marked 6118, which appears to have belonged to some herald or officer concerned in arranging the whole affair, as there are marginal notes of alterations in ink, and several on the fly leaves at the end in pencil, evidently scratched down hastily at the moment.

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I have been thus precise, as the form of this particular coronation is likely to be consulted more than any other on the approaching most interesting solemnity, and trust on that account my readers will pardon me if I have, like honest Dogberry, bestowed all my tediousness upon their worships.

[We have only space to quote a portion of the solemnization, which, from the tender age of our beloved Sovereign, has been a subject of much retrospective interest.]

#### Coronation of Queen Anne.

##### The Homage.

The exhortation being ended, all the peers then present do their homage publicly and solemnly unto the Queen upon the theatre, and in the mean time the Lord Chancellor (or Lord Keeper), attended by Garter King of Arms, &c., proclaims the Queen's general pardon, reading it distinctly and audibly at the four sides of the theatre; and at every one of these as he goes along the treasurer of the household throws among the people medals of gold and silver, as the Queen's princely largess, or donative.

The Archbishop first kneels down before her Majesty's knees, the rest of the Bishops kneel on either hand and about him, and they do their homage together; for the shortening the ceremony, the archbishop saying—

"I, Thos., archbishop of Canterbury (and so every one of the rest, I, N., bishop of N., and then repeat the rest audibly after the bishop,) will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lady, and your heirs Kings of England, and I will do and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you as in right of the church, so help me God."

And then the Archbishop kisseth the Queen's left cheek or hand, and so the rest of the Bishops present after him.\*

After this the other Peers of the realm do their homage in like manner, the Dukes first by themselves, and so the Marquesses, the Earls, the Viscounts, and the Barons, severally.

The first of each order kneeling before her Majesty, and the rest with and about him, all putting off their coronets, and the foremost of each class beginning and the rest saying after him—

\* In the margin to this page of the MS. there is written, "Qy. concerning the Prince." The following extract from the Gazette shows how the query was answered:—"Then the Holy Bible was presented to her Majesty, and she vouchsafed to kiss the bishops, and, being intronised, first, his Royal Highness Prince George, and then the archbishops and bishops, and, lastly, the temporal lords, did then homage, and seemingly kissed her Majesty's left cheek, and afterwards touched the crown, while the treasurer of the household threw about the coronation medals."—London Gazette, No. 3804.

"I, N., duke or earl, &c., of N., do become your liegeman of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folks, so help me God."

The peers having thus done their homage, they stand altogether round about the Queen, or each class and degree, going by themselves, or (as it was at the Coronation of King Charles I. and II.) every one by one in order, putting off their caps and coronets, singly ascend the throne again, and stretching forth their hands, do touch the crown on her Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power, and then every one of them kisseth the Queen's cheek or hand.

Whilst her Majesty's general pardon is reading and the medals are thrown about, and the peers are doing their homage, the Queen, if she thinks good, delivers her sceptre with the cross to the lord of the manor of Worksoop to hold, and the other sceptre or rod with the dove to some one near to the blood royal, or to the lord who carried it in the procession, or to any that she pleases to assign, to ease her thereof and to hold it by her.

And the bishops that support the Queen in the procession, may also ease her by supporting the crown as there shall be occasion.

[A few extracts may be acceptable from

##### The Banquet.]

The proceeding being come back into Westminster Hall, they were placed by the Heralds, every class at their several tables appointed for them.

Then the Heralds should have gone up to their gallery appointed for them at the upper end of the Hall over the Queen's table, if it had not been filled with persons that had no right to be there.

The great officers and those who represented the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy, stood on each side near the throne till her Majesty passed by, and when she ascended the steps of the throne, the Barons of the Cinque Ports carried away the canopy.†

Her Majesty being ascended the throne, retired for awhile to the Court of Wards.

As soon as the hot meat was ready to be brought to the table, she returned into the Hall attended as before, and having delivered the scepter and orb to the Lords appointed to hold them, they bore them on each side of her, viz. the scepter on the right and the orb on the left, and the Lords who carried ye four swords bore them next on the Queen's

† In the margin is the following memorandum, "Mem.—Ye Barons of the Cinque Ports stood at the west door of the choir of Westminster till the return of the Queen, where they received her again."

right hand, and the Lord Great Chamberlain standing on her left.

Her Majesty washed in this manner,—the Lord Great Chamberlain, preceded by a Gentleman Usher, followed by ye Cupbearer, being an Earl, assisted by the other Lords, went to the cupboard, and from thence brought the bason and ewer to her Majesty, the Cupbearer pouring out the water, whilst her Majesty washed her hands, and the two assistants held the towel in right of Sir Peter Soame, Bart., Lord of the Mannor of Heydon, in Essex.\*

Her Majesty having washed, seated herself in her chair of state at the table, and then the hot meat was brought up in this manner, two of her Majesty's women sitting at her feet.

The Lord the Sewer, with the Lord his assistant, went to the dresser of the kitchen, where the Master of the Horse to her Majesty, as sergeant of the silver scullery, called for a dish of meat, wiped the bottom of the dish, and likewise the cover within and without, took assay of that dish, and covered it, then delivered that dish and the rest of the hot meat to the Gentlemen Pensioners, who carried it to the Queen's table in manner following:—

First Two Clerks Comptrollers in velvet gowns.

Two Clerks of the Green Cloth in the same habit.

The Master of the Household.

The Cofferer of the Household.

Six Sergeants at Arms with their maces, two abreast.

Three great officers in their robes of estate on horseback, viz.

The Earl Marshal of England.

The Lord High Steward of England.

The Lord High Constable of England.

Six Sergeants of Arms more, with their maces.

The Comptroller of her Majesty's Household with his white staff.

Treasurer of her Majesty's Household with his white staff.

The Assistant of ye Queen's Sewer.

The Queen's Sewer.

Then the dishes of hot meat were carried up by the Gentlemen Pensioners bareheaded, and placed on the table by the Lord Carver, with the help of the Lord the Sewer and his assistant.

Then the mess of dillygrout was brought up to the Queen's table by Mr. Leigh, in right of his claim as Lord of the Manor of Addington, in Surrey, who was knighted that day.

Then the two Clerks of the kitchen, in black-figured satin gowns and black velvet caps.

\* "Note that his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark dined at her Majesty's table, and sat at the end thereof on her Majesty's left hand." The Parliament sitting, the House of Commons were seated in the gallery on the east side of Westminster Hall and in the north cross of the Abbey, and were entertained at dinner in the Exchequer Chamber.—London Gazette.

Grace being first said by a Bishop,

Soon after dinner was begun, William Hamilton, for his mother, as—Hamilton, Lady of the Manor of Wimondley, in Hertfordshire, brought to her Majesty the first cup of drink in a silver cup gilt, which he presented to her on his knee, assisted by the Lord Cupbearer and his assistants, of which the Queen having drunk and returned the cup to him, he received it for his fees.

A little before the second course was brought up, the Knight Marshal cleared the Hall.

[The entry of the Champion is then described.]

The Champion having received his gauntlet from the Herald, put it on, making a low obeisance to her Majesty.

Then the Lord the Cupbearer, with his assistant as before, brought a gold cup of wine covered, and presented it to the Queen, who drank to the Champion, and sent the cup by the said Lord the Cupbearer to him, who having drunk thereof, made a low obeisance to her Majesty, and returned in the same manner as he came, carrying with him the cup and cover as his fee.

The Champion being retired out of the Hall, and the Hall being cleared, Garter's Deputy, followed by the Provincial Kings of Arms with their coronets on their heads, together with the Heralds and Pursuivants, repaired to the lower end of the Hall, where, putting themselves in order, the eldest first, they made their obeisance to her Majesty; and from thence, advancing to the middle of the Hall, did the like, and then proceeded to the bottom of the steps leading to the throne and there made a third reverence; then ascending the steps, Garter's Deputy repaired to the middle of the table, the officers of arms being behind him, they all made their reverences to her Majesty; and Garter's Deputy, having thrice cry'd largesse, proclaimed her Majesty's style.

Then the second course was brought up to the Queen's table with the same solemnity as the first.

Then—Ryder, Esq., for the Mannor of Nether Blissington, in Kent, presented on his knee to her Majesty three maple cups, and the Mayor of Oxford, on being then introduced by the Lord the Cupbearer to her Majesty, ye said Lord, by her Majesty's command, delivered to the said Mayor the aforesaid three maple cups in right of his claim.

Then the Lord Mayor of London, attended by the Aldermen, Sheriffs, &c. with the twelve principal citizens, in pursuance of their claim to be assistants to the Chief Butler of England, presented to her Majesty a gold cup of wine with a cover, and the Queen having drunk a little thereof, gave back the said cup and cover to the said Lord Mayor as his fee.

Her Majesty having dined, the bason

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and ewer with water was brought to her by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and having washed, as before dinner, and grace being said, her Majesty received her scepter, and the regalia and swords being carried before her, she retired into the Court of Wards, where part of the regalia were delivered to the Dean of Westminster, and the rest to the Master of the Jewel House, and from thence her Majesty departed privately to her palace. So terminates the official record in the College of Arms.

From the London Gazette, No. 3,804, we learn that "Dinner being ended, and all things performed with great splendour and magnificence, about half an hour past eight in the evening her Majesty returned to St. James's; the day concluded with bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of a general satisfaction and joy."

### Crabets.

#### THE RIVER AND THE DESART.

By Miss Pardoe.

[This work consists of two volumes of entertaining recollections of the Rhône and the Chartreuse, in a series of letters written by the authoress during her sojourn in the South of France; "thrown off at the instant, and on the spot." The latter circumstance has been highly conducive to the merit of the work; for, the descriptions throughout bear that impress of self-observation and attention to characteristic and striking detail which have given the charm of the picturesque to Miss Pardoe's unpretending work. Our tourist left London by steam for Calais, thence to Paris, and onward to Lyons; and the road, beaten as it is, elicits her admiration, as in the following:]

#### The Tarare Mountain.

It strikes me, that modern travellers have never done justice to the beauty of the country between Paris and Lyons, and the reason is obvious: the ground is as much trodden as that between London and York, and is consequently passed over as indifferently. And yet how rife with memories are Fontainebleau and Moulins! how finely situated are Nemours, Cosne, and Nevers! how magnificent is Tarare! how picturesque is l'Arbreuse, with its vast and feudal ruins! and how proudly is Lyons itself seated along the bank of the noble river which makes so striking a feature in the landscape!

With the ascent of the Tarare mountain we were enchanted: the whole scene is stupendous; and we saw it at a moment that a painter would have loved. One of those storm-clouds which weep themselves away in rain so frequently in the summer months, and are such fine accessories to mountain

scenery, overtook us about half-way up; and produced transitions of light and shade perfectly beautiful,—the dense masses of forest timber,—the huge fragments of rock scattered at intervals among them, as though flung there by the hands of giants,—slender but impetuous torrents leaping, and rushing, and roaring into the very depths of the valley,—with here and there, under some sheltering ledge, the rude hut of a goat-herd; and near to it a small patch of land, redeemed from the sterility around, and bright with the springing corn; while above, the driving clouds flew rapidly along, darkening only for a brief instant the objects over which they passed, and which, even while the eye rested on them, sparkled again beneath the sunshine, glistening with the transient shower: all these things produced an effect which I shall not easily forget.

Thanks to that greatest of road-makers, Napoleon, the ascent is neither difficult nor dangerous; and the fact, that he caused the present admirable approach to be constructed in consequence of the death of one of his favourite generals, who lost his life by the overturn of his carriage about midway up the mountain, makes this noble work as interesting as it is useful.

[Miss Pardoe's stay at Lyons extended but to two days—of personal discomfort. Thence, her journey lay to Vienne, along the beautiful]

#### Scenery of the Rhône.

Over what a heaven-impressed country have we travelled hence from Lyons! Now along the bank of the majestic Rhône—now parted from it only by vineyards and olive groves—now moving under the deep shadow of some stupendous rock, crowned with the mouldering ruin of what was once a place of pride and power; the wreck of a feudal castle—now in the full blaze of a southern sun, without a limit to the rich and far-spreading landscape. Fatigue, suffering, what were they? for a time, at least, medicined into oblivion.

What, after the rapture of which I have just been guilty, shall I say to you of the little town of Vienne? one of the most ancient, if not actually the most ancient city of France.

Pascal says, "*Les fleuves sont des routes qui marchent.*" The idea is quaint enough; and it recurred to me on the approach to Vienne, as the ripple of the Rhône, beside whose broad stream we were progressing, ran shimmering and sparkling in the sunlight, bound on the same course.

Almost at the foot of a rock, seated in a vineyard, in striking contrast both of purpose and position with its once warlike neighbour, (a ruined tower,) stands a handsome build-

ing, recently purchased by the nuns of St. Maurice as a convent; whither they are about to remove from that which they at present occupy in a close and dirty street of the city.

They have made a glorious choice! The castle-crowned rock looks on them from behind, like the genius of spent power looking down gloomily on the quiet haven of present peace,—vines and olives smile even at their very portal; while beneath them laughs the Rhône, the broad and bounding Rhône, the mirror of as blue a sky as ever shone in the eye of beauty, the whole landscape set in a frame of mighty and majestic mountains, looming darkly out on the horizon!

[Avignon, Vaucluse, and Aix, are briefly noticed; and a sad day dictates a kind of inter-chapter—in which are the following touching reflections on the

#### *Helplessness of Woman.]*

There is a beauty in the helplessness of women. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching—timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough, for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact; and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach.

Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek,—and, alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs, and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home, where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest.

The dependence of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity: we have many and brilliant proofs that, where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outpourings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on amid the heat and the hurry of existence with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home-affection.

[From the neighbourhood of Marseilles is sketched this

#### *Enchanting Landscape.]*

Immediately beneath the windows of my apartment is a raised terrace, trellised with creeping vines, from which the grapes already hang in long, green clusters; and beyond this a second, planted with mulberry trees, and gay with roses and rose-laurels. Thence the hill upon which the house is built descends gently to the road, rich with fruit-trees of every description, and corn ripe for the sickle. Beyond the walls of our *terre* the ground again rises, after having formed a delicious valley, dotted over with country-houses, seated amid clusters of olive and almond trees, and each surrounded by its corn-land and vineyard; its groups of crimson-blossoming pomegranate trees; and its flowering myrtles; while here and there a few tall cypress trees form a dark, cool resting-place for the eye; which, from the excessive chalkiness of the soil, the brightness of the sky, and the glare of the white buildings, is soon painfully dazzled.

[Several letters are devoted to Marseilles, and some painful details of the ravages of the cholera in that city. The journey thence to Grenoble commands many sublimities of]

#### *Alpine Scenery.*

I cannot describe to you the wild and sublime beauty of the scenery through which we travelled during the entire day. For several leagues the Durance flowed, far beneath us on one side, while on the other, the chain of the Lower Alps, towered into the sky; and sufficient space had with difficulty, and not without the evidence of considerable skill, been obtained for the formation of a road, in few places wide enough for three carriages to travel abreast.

As we drove along this ledge, I was struck by the insignificance of the river; which, notwithstanding that the late storms had poured into its channel a thousand tributary torrents, frittered away its waters in a sear of pigmy streams; leaving numerous islands of mud and sand to dispute the vast bed, which it has from time to time worn away. This most wayward of rivers is, however, rendered very dangerous by the fact, that without any apparent cause, it at times overflows its banks, and rolls along with an impetuous violence which sweeps away every obstacle; while during intervals of storm, such as that in which I looked on it, a pebble almost suffices to turn aside its current.

The sides of the rocks along which we travelled, were clothed with vegetation; the dwarf oak, the broad-leaved myrtle, the yellow foxglove, and the elematis, abounded; while the caper-plant, whose graceful blossom so much resembles the passion-flower, was not the least conspicuous.

[We need scarcely add our unqualified commendation of these entertaining volumes.]

[Mr. W. of Wand fixed a b volume o from his appeared tory, and Waterloo correct m are both in the fie ment of must be notes :—

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## Autobiography.

CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

[MR. WATERTON, of Walton Hall, the author of *Wanderings in South America*, has prefixed a brief sketch of his changeful life to a volume of *Essays on Natural History*, also from his pen. These papers had previously appeared in the *Magazine of Natural History*, and relate chiefly to ornithology; Mr. Waterton's object in writing them being to correct many of our histories of birds, which are both defective and erroneous. Studying in the field of Nature, in the peaceful retirement of Walton Hall, which, by the way, must be an *elysium of animals*, the author notes:—]

Some of our birds, quadrupeds, and insects, have hitherto been described as particularly injurious to the interests of agriculture; others, as insatiate destroyers of fowls destined for our festive board; whilst others, again, are considered by the lower orders as agents, somehow or other, connected with witches, or with wisemen, as they are called in Yorkshire, who know of things lost, and of deeds done in the dark, and of places where pretty milkmaids may find deserving swains, ready and willing to become their lawful husbands, as soon as the bans shall have been duly published in the parish church. Thus they tell you, that rooks destroy young turnips; that carrion crows are always stealing eggs; and that hedgehogs suck the cows. The landlady "of a little inn in the village" knew that poor Lefèvre would not get better, for she had "heard the death-watch all night long." In fine, every body knows that there is to be an immediate wedding in the neighbourhood when he sees three magpies altogether.

[One of the objects of this amiable biography of birds has been to do away the many accusations which ignorance and prejudice have brought forward to injure the character of our feathered tribes: he "would fain hope to obtain mercy for his favourites at the hands of those who have hitherto ordered them to be destroyed;" and this means we take to be much more effectual than an Act of Parliament in aiding the spread of humanity. What, indeed, in nine cases out of ten, is the stimulus to persecution, be it of the lordly animal, man, or the creeping thing of the earth,—but *error*; wherefore, the removal of error must be the best step to the prevention of cruelty. Returning to Mr. Waterton's volume, as the majority of its papers has already been quoted in the *Mirror*, our

extracts shall be from his lively and interesting "account of the Writer."

I was born at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, in the county of York, some five and fifty years ago: this tells me that I am no chicken; but, were I asked how I feel with regard to the approaches of old age, I should quote Dryden's translation of the description which the Roman poet has given us of Charon:—

"He seem'd in years, yet in his years were seen  
A vernal vigour and autumnal green."

In fact, I feel as though I were not more than thirty years old. I am quite free from all rheumatic pains; and am so supple in the joints, that I can climb a tree with the utmost facility. I stand six feet high, all but half an inch. On looking at myself in the glass, I can see at once that my face is any thing but comely: continual exposure to the sun, and to the rains of the tropics, has furrowed it in places, and given it a tint, which neither Rowland's Kalydor, nor all the cosmetics on Belinda's toilette, would ever be able to remove. My hair, which I wear very short, was once of a shade betwixt brown and black: it has now the appearance as though it had passed the night exposed to a November hoarfrost. I cannot boast of any great strength of arm; but my legs, probably by much walking, and by frequently ascending trees, have acquired vast muscular power: so that, on taking a view of me from top to toe, you would say that the upper part of Tithonus has been placed upon the lower part of Ajax. Or, to speak zoologically, were I exhibited for show at a horse fair, some learned jockey would exclaim, he is half Rosinante, half Bucephalus.

[Young Waterton was next sent to the Jesuits' College, Stonyhurst, near Clitheroe, in Lancashire; his master being Father Clifford, a cousin of the noble lord of that name.]

One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left the college for good and all, he called me up to his room. "Charles," said he to me, in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, "I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. There is only one way for you to escape them. Promise me that, from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine, or to spirituous liquors. The sacrifice is nothing," added he, "but, in the end, it will prove of incalculable advantage to you." I agreed to his enlightened proposal, and from that hour to this, which is now about nine and thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine, or of ardent spirits.

\* Described from the *Magazine of Natural History*, in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv. p. 21. At page 371 of the same volume are a few congenial "Musings" in Walton Park, which are an honour to their ingenious writer.



At Stonyhurst there are boundaries marked out to the students, which they are not allowed to pass; and there are prefects always pacing to and fro within the lines, to prevent any unlucky boy from straying on the other side of them. Notwithstanding the vigilance of these lynx-eyed guardians, I would now and then manage to escape, and would bolt into a very extensive labyrinth of yew and holly trees, close at hand. It was the chosen place for animated nature. Birds, in particular, used to frequent the spacious inclosure, both to obtain food and to enjoy security. Many a time have I hunted there, the fowmart and the squirrel.

As the establishment was very large, and as it contained an abundance of prog; the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house, where there is anything to be got, swarmed throughout the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend old Bowren, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line. By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, fowmart-killer, and crossbow-charger, at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower, and football-maker, with entire satisfaction to the public.

I was now at the height of my ambition.

— "Poteras jam, Cadme, videri  
felix."

I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen; the books were moderately well thumbed; and, according to my notion of things, all went on perfectly right.

[During his stay in Spain he witnessed two of the most terrific visitations,—plague and earthquake, at Malaga.]

Thousands died as though they had been seized with cholera; others with black vomit, and others of decided yellow fever. There were a few instances of some who departed this life with very little pain, or bad symptoms. They felt unwell; they went to bed; they had no idea that they would not get better, and they expired in a kind of slumber. It was sad in the extreme to see the bodies placed in the streets at the close of day, to be ready for the dead-carts as they passed along.

"Plurima perque vias, sternuntur inertia passim  
Corpora."

The dogs howled fearfully during the night. All was gloom and horror in every street; and you might see the vultures on the strand tugging at the bodies which were washed ashore by the eastern wind. It was always

said that 50,000 people left the city at the commencement of the pestilence; and that 14,000 of those who remained in it fell victims to the disease.

In the mean time, the city was shaken with earthquakes; shock succeeding shock, till we all imagined that a catastrophe awaited us similar to that which had taken place at Lisbon. The pestilence killed you by degrees; and its approaches were sufficiently slow, in general, to enable you to submit to it with firmness and resignation. But the idea of being swallowed up alive by the yawning earth, at a moment's notice, made you sick at heart, and rendered you almost fearful of your own shadow.

The first shock took place at six in the evening, with a noise as though a thousand carriages had dashed against each other. This terrified many people to such a degree, that they paced all night long up and down the Alameda, or public walk, rather than retire to their homes. I went to bed a little after midnight, but was roused by another shock about five o'clock in the morning. It gave the bed a motion, which made me fancy that it moved under me from side to side. I sprang up, and having put on my unmentionables, (we wore no trousers in those days,) I ran out, in all haste, to the Alameda. There the scene was most distressing: multitudes of both sexes, some nearly in a state of nudity, and others sick at stomach, were huddled together, not knowing which way to turn or what to do.

— "Omnes eodem cogimur."

However, it pleased heaven, in its mercy, to spare us. The succeeding shocks became weaker and weaker, till at last we felt no more of them.

I brought over with me from Spain a superbly mounted Spanish gun, and a beautiful ivory crucifix: they had been a present from the Duchess of Alva to my deceased uncle. The gun is the identical one which the famous Duke of Alva had with him in the Low Countries: my uncle always intended it for his relative, the late Sir Richard Bedingfeld, Bart., of Oxburgh, in Norfolk, to which place I sent it. The crucifix had been taken away from Rome, by a French general, in 1796: it was a present to my mother, and is now at Walton Hall.

My paternal uncle having estates in Demerara, and my father having lately made a purchase there for the benefit of his younger children, I petitioned to be allowed to go out and superintend them; seeing that there was no chance of travelling with comfort in Europe on account of the war, which had all the appearance of becoming general.

All having been arranged for my departure, I proceeded to London, where my maternal uncle, the late intrepid Sir John Bedingfeld, who had saved the king's life in the year 1796, introduced me to Sir Joseph

Banks, who in my advance

I sailed in Fame, Calcutta, 1804, and in *ci-devant* of about 1812; commonly till 1812; bly to the which I have in the morning uncle being to those of put foot up

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Banks, who ever after took a warm interest in my adventures.

I sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *Fame*, Captain Brand, on November 29, 1804, and landed at the town of Stabroek, in *ci-devant* Dutch Guiana, after a passage of about six weeks. I liked the country uncommonly, and administered to the estates till 1812; coming home at intervals, agreeably to the excellent and necessary advice which I had received from Sir Joseph Banks. In the month of April, 1812, my father and uncle being dead, I delivered over the estates to those concerned in them, and never more put foot upon them.

In my subsequent visits to Guiana, having no other object in view than that of natural history, I merely staid a day or two in the town of Stabroek, (now called George Town,) to procure what necessities I wanted; and then I hastened up into the forests of the interior, as the *Wanderings* will show.

[The adventures in Demerara are very interesting: in sailing from thence.]

Whilst we were wending our way up the river, an accident happened of a somewhat singular nature. There was a large labarri snake coiled up in a bush, which was close to us. I fired at it, and wounded it so severely that it could not escape. Being wishful to dissect it, I reached over into the bush, with the intention to seize it by the throat and convey it aboard. The Spaniard at the tiller, on seeing this, took the alarm, and immediately put his helm a-port. This forced the vessel's head to the stream, and I was left hanging to the bush with the snake close to me, not having been able to recover my balance as the vessel veered from the land. I kept firm hold of the branch to which I was clinging, and was three times over-head in the water below, presenting an easy prey to any alligator that might have been on the look-out for a meal. Luckily, a man who was standing near the pilot, on seeing what had happened, rushed to the helm, seized hold of it, and put it hard a-starboard, in time to bring the head of the vessel back again. As they were pulling me up, I saw that the snake was evidently too far gone to do mischief; and so I laid hold of it, and brought it aboard with me, to the horror and surprise of the crew. It measured eight feet in length. As soon as I had got a change of clothes, I killed it, and made a dissection of the head.

### Anecdote Gallery.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. NO. CXXXV.

[This Number abounds with vigorous writing, and its papers, apart from their political interest, must be considered as fine specimens of the modern *Review* composition. They have all that taking spirit—that *vis*

*vivida* of diction, and ready command of epithet which renders *periodical* reading so replete with life, energy, and polish, and the business of the great world. Unquestionably, the most striking, but, certainly not the most finished, paper in the present number—is on the Abuses of the Press, the peg whereon it is hung being the disgusting *Diary of the Life and Times of George the Fourth*. The accredited reviewer is Lord Brougham, and the whole is so caustic a commentary on the unhappy affair of George the Fourth and his ill-starred Queen, that we are almost puzzled to select a passage that shall not, by its bias, offend the impartial reader. Still, in the following extracts, we hope to have succeeded in detailing the heaven of politics from a page or two of graphic power.]

#### Character of Mr. Canning.

Mr. Canning was, in all respects, one of the most remarkable persons who have lived in our times. Born with talents of the highest order, these had been cultivated with an assiduity and success which placed him in the first rank among the most accomplished scholars of his day; and he was only inferior to others in the walks of science, from the accident of the studies which Oxford cherished in his time being pointed almost exclusively to classical pursuits. But he was any thing rather than a mere scholar. In him were combined, with a rich profusion, the most lively original fancy—a happily retentive and ready memory—singular powers of lucid statement—and occasionally wit in all its varieties, now biting and sarcastic, to overwhelm an antagonist, now pungent or giving point to an argument, now playful for mere amusement, and bringing relief to a tedious statement, or lending a charm to dry chains of close reasoning. Superficial observers, dazzled by this brilliancy, and by its sometimes being over-indulged, committed their accustomed mistake; and supposed that he who could thus adorn his subject was an amusing speaker only, while he was helping on the argument at every step,—often making skilful statements perform the office of reasoning, and oftener still seeming to be witty when he was merely exposing the weakness of hostile positions, and thus taking them by the artillery of his wit. But in truth his powers of ordinary reasoning were of a very high order, and could not be excelled by the most practised master of dialectics. It was rather in the deep and full measure of impassioned declamation, in its legitimate combination with rapid argument—the highest reach of oratory—that he failed; and this he rarely attempted. Of his powers of augmentation, his capacity for the pursuits of abstract science, his genius for adorning the least attractive subjects, there remains an imperishable record in his cele-

brated speeches upon the "Currency," of all efforts the most brilliant and the most happy.

In private society he was singularly amiable and attractive, though, except for a very few years of his early youth, he rarely frequented the circles of society, confining his intercourse to an extremely small number of warmly attached friends.\* In all the relations of domestic life he was blameless, and was the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own. His temper, though naturally irritable and uneasy, had nothing paltry or spiteful in it; and as no one better knew how and when to resent an injury, so none could more readily or more gracefully forgive.

#### *Flight of the Princess Charlotte.*

In a fine evening of July, about the hour of seven, when the streets are deserted by all persons of condition, she rushed out of her residence in Warwick House, unattended; hastily crossed Cockspur-street; flung herself into the first hackney-coach she could find; and drove to her mother's house in Connaught Place. The Princess of Wales having gone to pass the day at her Blackheath villa, a messenger was despatched for her, another for her law adviser Mr. Brougham, and a third for Miss Mercer Elphinstone, the young Princess's bosom friend. He arrived before the Princess of Wales had returned; and Miss Mercer Elphinstone had alone obeyed the summons. Soon after the Royal Mother came, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, her lady in waiting. It was found that the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was to leave her father's house, and that which he had appointed for her residence, and to live thenceforth with her mother. But Mr. Brougham is understood to have felt himself under the painful necessity of explaining to her that, by the law, as all the twelve Judges but one had laid it down in George I.'s reign, and as it was now admitted to be settled, the King or the Regent had the absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family while under age. The Duke of Sussex, who had always taken her part, was sent for, and attended the invitation to join in these consultations. It was an untoward incident in this remarkable affair, that he had never seen the Princess of Wales since the investigation of 1806, which had begun upon a false charge brought by the wife of one of his equerries, and that he had, without any kind of warrant from the fact, been supposed by the Princess to have set on, or at least supported the accuser. He, however, warmly joined in the whole of the deliberations of that singular night. As soon as the flight of the young lady was ascer-

tained, and the place of her retreat discovered, the Regent's officers of state and other functionaries were despatched after her. The Lord Chancellor Eldon first arrived, but not in any particular imposing state, "regard being had"† to his eminent station; for, indeed, he came in a hackney coach. Whether it was that the example of the Princess Charlotte herself, had for the day brought this simple and economical mode of conveyance into fashion, or that concealment was much studied, or that despatch was deemed more essential than ceremony and pomp—certain it is, that all who came, including the Duke of York, arrived in similar vehicles, and that some remained inclosed in them, without entering the royal mansion. At length, after much pains and many entreaties, used by the Duke of Sussex and the Princess of Wales herself, as well as Miss Mercer and Lady C. Lindsay, (whom she always honoured with a just regard,) to enforce the advice given by Mr. Brougham, that she should return without delay to her own residence, and submit to the Regent, the young Princess, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess, who had now been sent for and arrived in a royal carriage, returned to Warwick House, between four and five o'clock in the morning. There was then a Westminster election in progress in consequence of Lord Cochrane's expulsion; and it is said that on her complaining to Mr. Brougham that he too was deserting her, and leaving her in her father's power, when the people would have stood by her—he took her to the window, when the morning had just dawned, and, pointing to the Park, and the spacious streets which lay before her, said that he had only to show her a few hours later on the spot where she now stood, and all the people of this vast metropolis would be gathered together on that plain, with one common feeling in her behalf—but that the triumph of one hour would be dearly purchased by the consequences which must assuredly follow in the next, when the troops poured in, and quelled all resistance to the clear and undoubted law of the land, with the certain effusion of blood—any, that through the rest of her life she never would escape the odium which, in this country, always attends those who, by breaking the law, occasion such calamities. This consideration, much more than any quailing of her dauntless spirit, or faltering of her filial affection, is believed to have weighed upon her mind, and induced her to return home.

† The well known habitual expression of Lord Eldon.

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\* It is necessary to state this undoubted fact, that the folly of those may be rebutted, who have chosen to represent him as "a great disceptant." We will answer for it that none of those historians of the day ever once saw him at table.